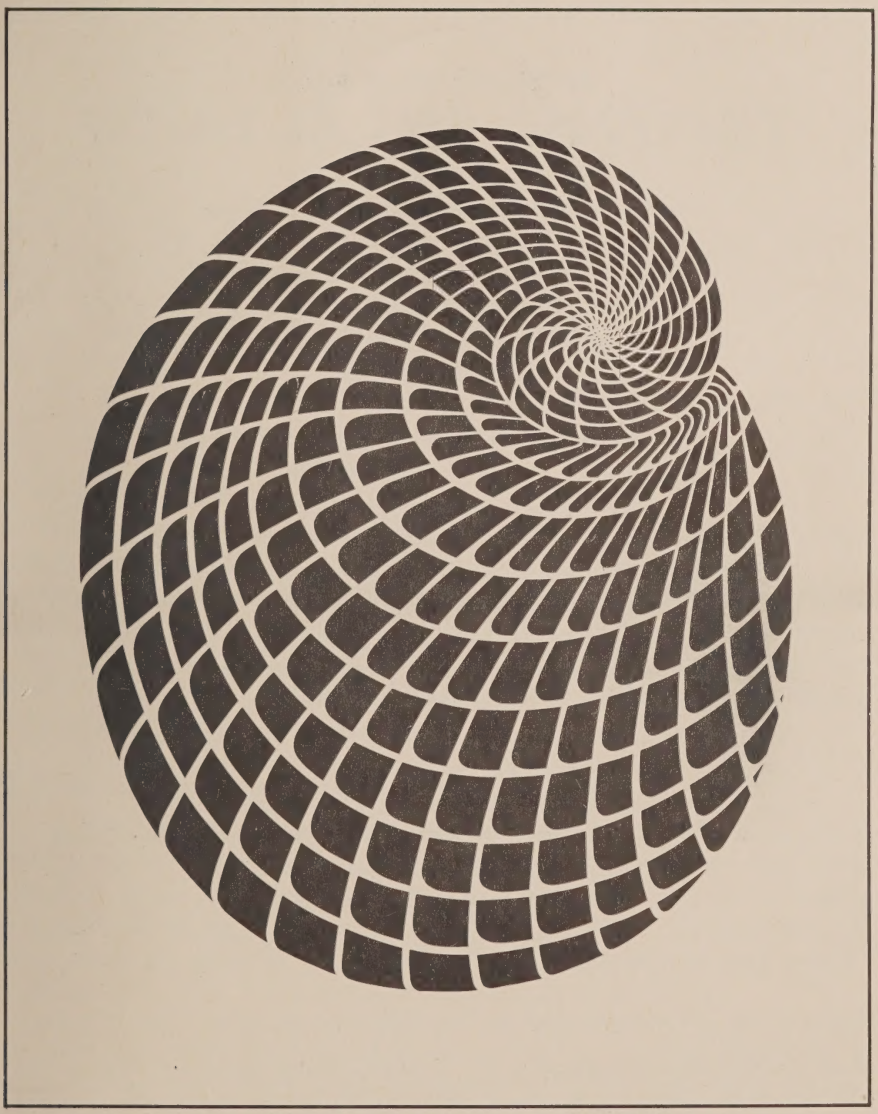
VOLUME 30 / NO 3 JULY 1979

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER



THE PURPOSE of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

BY PETER V.K. FUNK

"There is no answer."

That's the reply a famous writer gave to young people when they asked him for solutions to their inner anxieties and despair.

The response of Gunther Grass haunts me. I wish fervently I could reach all those who asked him for help. I want to call out to them: "There is hope. There is an answer . . . There is an answer you can have immediately. It will give you a solution . . . It will show you the way to grow in understanding."

A Growing Conviction

As with many of you, I too have been on a spiritual journey for a long time. What amazes me unendingly is that though we may have "found" God, nonetheless as we travel with Him he is continually exposing us to new discoveries and insights. We are always learning new ways to respond more lovingly, more creatively and intelligently.

At different times on our journey we may experience what mystics of every faith call an *illumination,* or an *enlightenment,* or a *satori.* Then the sought-after answer becomes so clear, so cogently

true, it permanently changes our lives. We are saturated with it. I believe I know what should be our mission.

Carl Evans stated that *prayer is our answer* when he founded the Fellowship. In a particular and urgent new way this involves you. Prayer *is* the answer.

Perhaps that doesn't seem especially dramatic or new.

In one sense it is not. But in another it is explosively so.

You see, it hinges on what we think about God first of all, and then on our knowledge of prayer and how to develop an understanding of its effect in our lives.

"Communication" Through Prayer

To some people, prayer is more or less just a word—a word that in one way or another they have heard for so long and so often it has become smooth from familiarity and slides away from the mind before the mind has had a chance to grasp hold of it.

At the other end of the spectrum are those for whom prayer is that direct communication between God (or by whatever other name you call this primal force) and themselves. They know they are in God and He is in them. They live in His presence. He is a reality in their lives.

Most people are somewhere in between these two extremes.

Then there are others, such as followers of Zen and Theravada Buddhism who undertake intensive meditation, but do not "pray" in the sense that those do who are members of God-centered religions.

One of the most exciting and important realizations developing among members of different faiths is the awareness that beyond individual rituals and practices there is a commonality of values which so often are the result of prayer—of simplicity, of humility, of the spirit of gratitude, of caring deeply, of non-violence and the love of peace. These are values that link us together and in their own way are a form of communication.

All of us, at one time or another, have unanswered and often agonizing questions about life. But through prayer we learn that God truly is love; that God and love are synonymous; that the essence of prayer is love and faith. Answers do unfold in prayer.

Through prayer we find an inner peace. We become imbued with a growing sense of love and faith, of joy and confidence. What becomes ours is infectious and is transmitted to others. Gradually this will spread throughout the world and set the climate for a more peaceful existence for everyone, everywhere.

Brother Mandus writes: "The power of God can and will meet every need on every level—spiritually, mentally, physically, materially." Mature prayer, "hidden" or vocal, is a catalyst to bring out the best in all our relationships—family, business, all kinds of negotiations, planning.

Normally we don't think of prayer as a form of communication. In the communications revolution brought about by technology, prayer is an overlooked asset.

And so by utilizing prayer as a means of communicating with one another, Fellowship in Prayer is bringing something unique and new to the world. Our mission is unlike any other, for the Fellowship can bring a healing vehicle not only for individuals, but also for all nations. Never before in human history has there been so urgent a need.

Our Fellowship was much involved in a public and personal way supporting the 1978 Camp David meetings where three different faiths worked and prayed together for a common cause. Certainly the meetings were an illustration of *communication through prayer.*

Be Transformed

God sends out His call to each of us. It is the call to be transformed through prayer into what will become the finest of ourselves. We are to be changed into fire—the kind of fire that lights up all of life. This transformation must start now. Not tomorrow or next week. But now. This very moment.

Humanity is in a long struggle towards peace. Gains are made by one person at a time as each of us opens himself to God's spirit. Mankind's groping towards spiritual maturity is the most vital pioneering effort today—not space, nor technology, nor ecology—for without the guidance that comes from spiritual maturity, science may be in danger of unleashing a hell.

Our mission is a bold venture. Yet through God all things are possible—even Carl Evans' dream of a "world united in prayer."

The answer *is* prayer—*communication through prayer* with people of all faiths throughout the world.

●

Prayer can point the way
from captivity to freedom,
from emptiness to fulfillment,
from anxiety to assurance.

—William Arthur Ward

. . .with a shred of personal worth. . .

"ACE"

By ANONYMOUS

AT THE CLINIC where I work as a weekend counselor, the census of patients in the Addiction Recovery Unit runs from seventy-five during the best part of the year up to ninety over the holidays or when the moon is full.

Unless they leave against medical advice or remain longer on the recommendation of psychiatrists, patients stay for twenty-eight days. During these four weeks it is the goal of the A.R.U. to educate them in the subject of their addiction—a disease which follows an unvarying course in each, no matter what their age, sex, education, or status in life—and in the subject of themselves as addicts of whichever drug, liquid or hard, happens to be their choice.

In every group we find a few unfortunates who prefer to stay sick and either die or lose their faculties forever. But there is a majority who choose to listen and learn and start getting well.

When a patient makes a decision to get well (usually around the third week of his or her stay), a remarkable change is visible. You can see it as clearly as a change in the weather. I don't believe I ever saw it quite so clearly as I did, several summers ago, in a patient named Clarice, a sixteen-year-old girl poly-addicted to alcohol and tranquilizers, who looked like Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn.

"Don't call me Clarice," she said. "My friends all call me Ace."

Since Ace was a lot more appropriate than Clarice (she lived in a man's white shirt rolled up at the sleeves and jeans faded to comfort) I said okay, Ace it would be.

PHOTO BY CLIFF MOORE

The reason for her being called Ace, I soon learned, was that she was a poolshark, evidently unbeatable. "I'm the ace of aces!" she said (vainglorious as addicts tend to be). Muttering to herself and prancing about to put just exactly the right English on her cue, she won everybody's money as easily at the clinic as she had in the bars in Trenton where she had been hanging out since the age of nine. (This aggressiveness is common among addicts. High, and often when they are not high, they are people with the zeal of eagles or maybe vultures about getting what they want.)

As she started to clear up and come to, however, Ace shed this trait. Partly because there was no way at the clinic to spend all the money she was winning. But mainly, I think, because she had one remaining shred of a sense of personal worth, she began—after a typical period of pouting, bad-mouthed resistance to the A.R.U. program—to display the most startling willingness to get well.

Willingness is the prime attitude for an addict to have if he or she wishes to get well. Those who have it recover. Those who don't, come back again and again to the clinic before they acquire it. Others die before they do.

"Just tell me what I'm supposed to do," she would say in her world-weary tone. "I'll go and stand on my head in the corner if you think it will do any good!"

That is willingness.

THE CHANGE in Ace was naturally of great interest to the staff. Some, including myself, were encouraged by it. Others said it was too good to be true. "Ace is a real addict," one said. "She's an expert of experts at telling you what you want to hear."

This comment led me to doubt her sincerity. Particularly the next day when she gave me a big, sunny Mississippi River smile and said that when she grew up she wanted to be a counselor "just like you, Mr. D!"

"I *mean* it," she added, seeing my doubt. "It would be neat to help other people who've had the same sort of lousy, rotten luck in life I have. It would be the neatest thing I can imagine!"

"Well, Ace," I said, pleased in spite of myself, "come back after you've got some more sobriety and have finished your education, and we'll talk about it."

"I'll be back," she said. I saw that she did not have a doubt in the world about herself.

When she was discharged after her twenty-eight days, I never said goodbye to a patient with quite so many hopes for her. Later I

realized that this was partly due to the rough tough charm of the girl, partly because she had so many hopes for herself.

So I was more than surprised, a week later, to find her back at the clinic. Since she was not talking to any of us, we were obliged to imagine what had happened to her in that week. Her hopes were gone, and so was her willingness. What remained of the Ace we had known was just a sullen, pale, lethargic dummy made in her tomboy image. Once she opened her mouth and told an attendant she wanted to kill herself. After which, following clinic rules, she was taken and put in the lock-up ward with all the old men and women who held their white heads in their hands and groaned or spat out curse-words or screamed like animals. To help her bear these surroundings she was given some form of tranquilizer and it caused her eyes to gleam at me like bare bone when I paid her a visit every afternoon before I went home.

She had taken on the shut-in look that would-be suicides have—an appearance of having been deprived of hearing, seeing, touch, taste and smell and thus of having been reduced to the one awful thought in her mind.

After she had been there for five or six weeks, she did speak to me. This happened at the end of the day when, tired and hungry, I stopped in mostly out of habit and certainly in no expectation of finding her any different.

"Sit down, Mr. D," she said with that tone of command that addicts commonly enjoy using.

Since these were the first words I had heard from her, I gaped at her and did as she ordered.

Whereupon, as quietly as if she were merely entertaining me with a story she had heard, she related what had happened when she went home from the clinic the first time. Her father and mother, prosperous suburbanites whom I had glimpsed but briefly, had not been glad to see her home, let alone proud of the hopes she had brought with her. Instead, they had been furious at her. Her father because he himself was an alcoholic who was still drinking and not unnaturally felt his own problem had been embarrassingly shown up by his daughter's recovery. Her mother, who was angrier even than he, because she was making her father unhappy. "How can you *do* such a thing to your own father?" she had yelled. And, as if to make their message one hundred per cent clear to her, they had offered her a cocktail before the first dinner she had with them, then wine with dinner, and finally in place of dessert either a cordial or a highball.

Unable to believe what was happening, Ace refused everything as politely as she could in face of their fury.

Her father, drunk by now, went up to bed.

Her mother, who never touched a drop, acted as irrationally as if she were drunk too.

Ace started up the stairs to her own room.

Only to find—on the topmost step— a quart of vodka left there for her from her father's private store.

She took the vodka to her room with her, not with any idea of opening it but simply, she told herself, of getting it out of the way if someone happened to come to the house. But, on second or third or maybe more thoughts about the reception she had received, she began to feel a resentment toward her father and mother that amounted almost to hatred. Her feelings against them were so terrible that they made her afraid . . . and, it was with this final thought, of fear of herself, that she reached under the bed where she had hidden the vodka, opened it, and started to drink again and continued.

"Drinking wasn't any fun anymore, though," she admitted. "You taught me too much about it for it to be any fun."

It had been so much the opposite of fun, in fact, that she got into the habit of letting herself drop onto her knees and praying that God would stop her. She did not know how this could happen as long as she lived in the same house with her mother and father, the one growing angrier every day and the other drunker and drunker.

"I told God this was the main point and it was entirely up to Him," she said.

"And yesterday," she added, "it happened."

With which statement she handed me a pale-blue check made out in her name for four thousand-some dollars which she had taken from the clinic safety deposit.

"What my Grandma left me when she died a year or two ago," she said by way of explanation. Since her family now refused to pay any more bills for her, she was turning the money over to me so that I could make arrangements for her either to have a second stay with the A.R.U. or to go somewhere else. "You tell me what I ought to do," she said. "I prayed to God, and He answered, so now it's your turn to help." She gave me one of her bad-boy smiles. "It doesn't matter where you send me, Mr. D," she said. "Just so long as I'm out of the madhouse I call home!"

Author's note: Instead of spending Ace's money at the clinic (at current rates it wouldn't have kept her there much more than a month), we arranged for her to receive "a acholarship" to a world-famous mental-health center and put her check in a savings fund to use as she desired when she got well. She did get well and as of this writing is busy taking courses to acquire her certificate in order to begin life as a counselor.

RIGHT LIVELIHOOD

is one of the requirements of Buddha's Noble Eightfold Path. Therefore there must be such a thing as Buddhist economics . . . .

BY E.F. SCHUMACHER

BUDDHIST countries have often stated that they wish to remain faithful to their heritage. So Burma: "The New Burma sees no conflict between religious values and economic progress. Spiritual health and material wellbeing are not enemies: they are natural allies." Or: "We Burmans have a sacred duty to conform both our dreams and our acts to our faith. This we shall ever do."

All the same, such countries invariably assume that they can model their economic development plans in accordance with modern economics, and they call upon modern economists from so-called advanced countries to advise them to formulate the policies to be pursued, and to construct the grand design for development, the Five-Year Plan or whatever it may be called. No one seems to think that a Buddhist way of life would call for Buddhist economics, just as the modern materialist way of life has brought forth modern economics.

Economists themselves, like most specialists, normally suffer from a kind of metaphysical blindness; assuming that theirs is a science of absolute and invariable truths, without any presuppositions. Some go as far as to claim that economic laws are as free from 'metaphysics' or 'values' as the law of gravitation. We need not, however, get involved in arguments of methodology. Instead, let us take some fundamentals and see what they look like when viewed by a modern economist and a Buddhist economist.

From the Book SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL.
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There is universal agreement that a fundamental source of wealth is human labor. Now, the modern economist has been brought up to consider 'labor' or work as little more than a necessary evil. From the point of view of the employer, it is in any case simply an item of cost, to be reduced to a minimum if it cannot be eliminated altogether, say, by automation. From the point of view of the workman, it is a 'disutility;' to work is to make a sacrifice of one's leisure and comfort, and wages are a kind of compensation for the sacrifice. Hence the ideal from the point of view of the employer is to have output without employees, and from the point of view of the employee is to have income without employment.

The consequences of these attitudes both in theory and in practice are, of course, extremely far-reaching. If the ideal with regard to work is to get rid of it, every method that 'reduces the work load' is a good thing. The most potent method, short of automation, is the so-called 'division of labor' and the classical example is the pin-factory eulogized in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations.* Here it is not a matter of ordinary specialization, which mankind has practiced from time immemorial, but of dividing up every complete process of production into minute parts, so that the final product can be produced at great speed without anyone having had to contribute more than a totally insignificant and, in most cases, unskilled movement of his limbs.

The Buddhist point of view takes the function of work to be at least threefold: to give a man a chance to utilize and develop his faculties; to enable him to overcome his ego-centeredness by joining with other people in a common task; and to bring forth the goods and services needed for a becoming existence. Again, the consequences that flow from this view are endless. To organize work in such a manner that it becomes meaningless, boring, stultifying, or nerveracking for the worker would be little short of criminal; it would indicate a greater concern with goods than with people, an evil lack of compassion, and a soul-destroying degree of attachment to the most primitive side of this worldly existence. Equally, to strive for leisure as an alternative to work would be considered a complete misunderstanding of one of the basic truths of human existence, namely that work and leisure are complementary parts of the same living process and cannot be separated without destroying the joy of work and the bliss of leisure.

From the Buddhist point of view, there are therefore two types of mechanization which must be clearly distinguished: one that enhances a man's skill and power and one that turns the work of man over to a mechanical slave, leaving man in a position of having to serve the slave.

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. . . It is clear, therefore, that Buddhist economics must be very different from the economics of modern materialism since the Buddhist sees the essence of civilization not in a multiplication of wants but in the purification of character. Character, at the same time, is formed primarily by a man's work. And work properly conducted in conditions of human dignity and freedom blesses those who do it and equally their products. The Indian philosopher and economist J.C. Kumarappa sums the matter up as follows:

"If the nature of the work is properly appreciated and applied, it will stand in the same relation to the higher faculties as food is to the physical body. It nourishes and enlivens the higher man and urges him to produce the best he is capable of. It directs his free will along the proper course and disciplines the animal in him into progressive channels. It furnishes an excellent background for man to display his scale of values and develop his personality."

If a man has no chance of obtaining work he is in a desperate position, not simply because he lacks an income but because he lacks this nourishing and enlivening factor of disciplined work which nothing can replace. A modern economist may engage in highly sophisticated calculations on whether full employment 'pays' or whether it might be more 'economic' to run an economy at less than full employment so as to ensure a greater mobility of labor, a better stability of wages, and so forth. His fundamental criterion of success is simply the total quantity of goods produced during a given period of time.

From a Buddhist point of view, this is standing the truth on its head by considering goods as more important than people and consumption as more important than creative activity. It means shifting the emphasis from the worker to the product of work, that is, from the human to the sub-human, a surrender to the forces of evil. The very start of Buddhist economic planning would be planning for full employment, and the primary purpose of this would in fact be employment for everyone who needs an 'outside' job: it would not be the maximization of employment nor the maximization of production . . . .

While the materialist is mainly interested in goods, the Buddhist is mainly interested in liberation. But Buddhism is 'The Middle Way' and therefore in no way antagonistic to physical well-being. It is not wealth that stands in the way of liberation but the attachment to wealth; not the enjoyment of pleasurable things but the craving for

them. The keynote of economics, therefore, is simplicity and non-violence. From the economist's point of view, the marvel of the Buddhist way of life is the utter rationality of its pattern—amazingly small means leading to extraordinarily satisfactory results.

"I only desire what I already possess."

—Rebbe Phinas in "Four Hasidic Masters" by Elie Wiesel

When I was a young girl at college I wrote my creed thus: "I believe in God, I believe in Man, I believe in the power of the spirit. I believe it is a sacred duty to encourage ourselves and others; to hold the tongue from any unhappy word against God's world, because no man has any right to complain of a universe which God made good, and which thousands of men have striven to keep good." It is many years since I wrote these words, and I have suffered many a bereavement and many a sorrow, but I see no reason to change my creed. Any human being who believes in God, in Man, and in the spirit is fundamentally, I think, an optimist. No matter what pain comes to him, he knows that good is the dominant power of the universe and feels himself surrounded by it and by God's love.

From "The Open Door" by Helen Keller

In her book BARBARA JORDAN, A SELF-PORTRAIT, the former Representative —the first black woman sent to Congress by the South— depicts an unusual religious upbringing, the impact of a grandfather, how she achieved both a brilliant record and a mature concept of love in action . . . .

"How Better We Should Love"

By BARBARA JORDAN and SHELBY HEARON

My Grandpa Patten was different from the other men in my family because he didn't go to church. On Sunday I was accustomed to seeing my father and my other grandfather in black suits and white shirts, singing in the choir or being the chairman of the deacon board. This grandfather was different in that he was not part of that churchgoing.

I saw him every Sunday, as it was our pattern as a family to get up, go to Sunday School, go to church, and then to Grandfather Patten's house for Sunday dinner. My Grandmother Patten would prepare a grand meal, and that was part of the ritual. Then, after dinner, my mother and father would take a nap, and in the after-

UPI PHOTO

noon, my sisters would have to return to the Baptist Young People's Union. Bennie and Rose Mary, my sisters, wanted to go back to learn their Bible verses and the Books of the Bible. But I didn't. So Grandpa would say: "You don't have to do that." And I didn't. So that was the pattern throughout my entire early years.

On Sunday afternoons I stayed to be with him, and we got on famously. Other people said my grandfather was eccentric. I don't think he was: I think other people were. He was just a very independent person. He never wanted a boss, as he always wanted to be his own boss. So much so that he went through several business ventures. I am told he was a preacher at one time, but that there was some event in his life, which I did not know about, that turned him sour on the church.

It was part of the ritual on those Sunday afternoons that, when the others had left, we would talk. In those early years it was certainly the case that he was the only one who talked to me—because mostly what adults do to children is to give them catechism in some form or another. But in terms of instructions about how to live, that is missing.

Before we talked, we had to eat. My Grandpa would leave me at his house and he would go get some rib ends and sausage which we would eat from a brown paper bag. That was the highlight. I remember it as a super time.

Then we would talk. He would have his Bible and the inserts that he had stuck in the Bible, sayings that he would always write in red crayon. And he'd read from those—from the Gospel According to Saint John, he'd call them, after himself. So I liked that. He had a saying which I remember as clearly as the day he first read it to me, and I don't know who wrote it, but he taught it to me and he would make me recite it back to him with some regularity:

"Just remember the world is not a playground, but a schoolroom. Life is not a holiday, but an education. One eternal lesson for us all: how better we should love."

That was a very nice sentiment.

So then he would read about the life of Christ. And I could understand Jesus and God better from my grandfather talking than from the church, and that was because he communicated in a language I could understand. He taught that if I followed his standards and did what he said and just followed the plan of action that he set out for me, I would be moving in the path of following Christ. And His path was an overwhelming degree of self-sufficiency — that's a present-day term, but that's the way I perceived it at that point. He was also saying that you couldn't trust the world out there. You

couldn't trust them, so you had to figure things out for yourself.

But you had to love humanity, even if you couldn't trust it. That's what he said the message of Jesus is.

God he presented as the power that controls us all. *Power* was the word that stuck in my mind when I thought about Grandpa Patten speaking about God. He definitely did not present God as a father image. He was always power. That was the operative word.

And I was always very proud of my grandfather.

As I grew up I do not recall joy related to my early years at church. What I got from them was a charter, a single plan offered to you that you must fulfill because that was the only acceptable way.

How to die, we got that. But we were missing how to live. I do not recall any message of joy or love or happiness generated out of this experience. It was a confining, restricting mandate.

However, when I went to law school in Boston, I found I wanted to go to chapel, and I went practically every Sunday. The reason was that the minister was outstanding. Howard Thurman. He would have a message on the back of the chapel program and it was always something moving and meaningful, and I thought: You know, it is really not necessary to adhere to this ritual of prohibition. God really is caring. He wants me to live according to the preachments of His scripture, but He doesn't mean for me to be hounded into heaven. He just wants me to live right and treat other people right. I decided that then, and it was very comforting.

Howard Thurman focused on how we walked around everyday. He focused on the present time that all of us were having difficulty coming to grips with.

So I took with me everything I had learned . . . That's the point of it, isn't it? To bring all you have with you wherever you go.

●

From BARBARA JORDAN, A Self-Portrait by Barbara Jordan and Shelby Hearon, Copyright ©1978 by Barbara Jordan and Shelby Hearon. Published by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York.

MARVEL WITH ME

By Winifred Hamrick Farrar

Come praise one fish sculptured with silvery grace,
resting in quiet motion—
one tiny shiner in mother water,
resting with open eyes.
Marvel with me how it lies suspended—
how it floats like its brother, the bird.
Come rest by the pond where stress falls away
and nothing intrudes but calm.

PHOTO BY CARL G. KARSCH

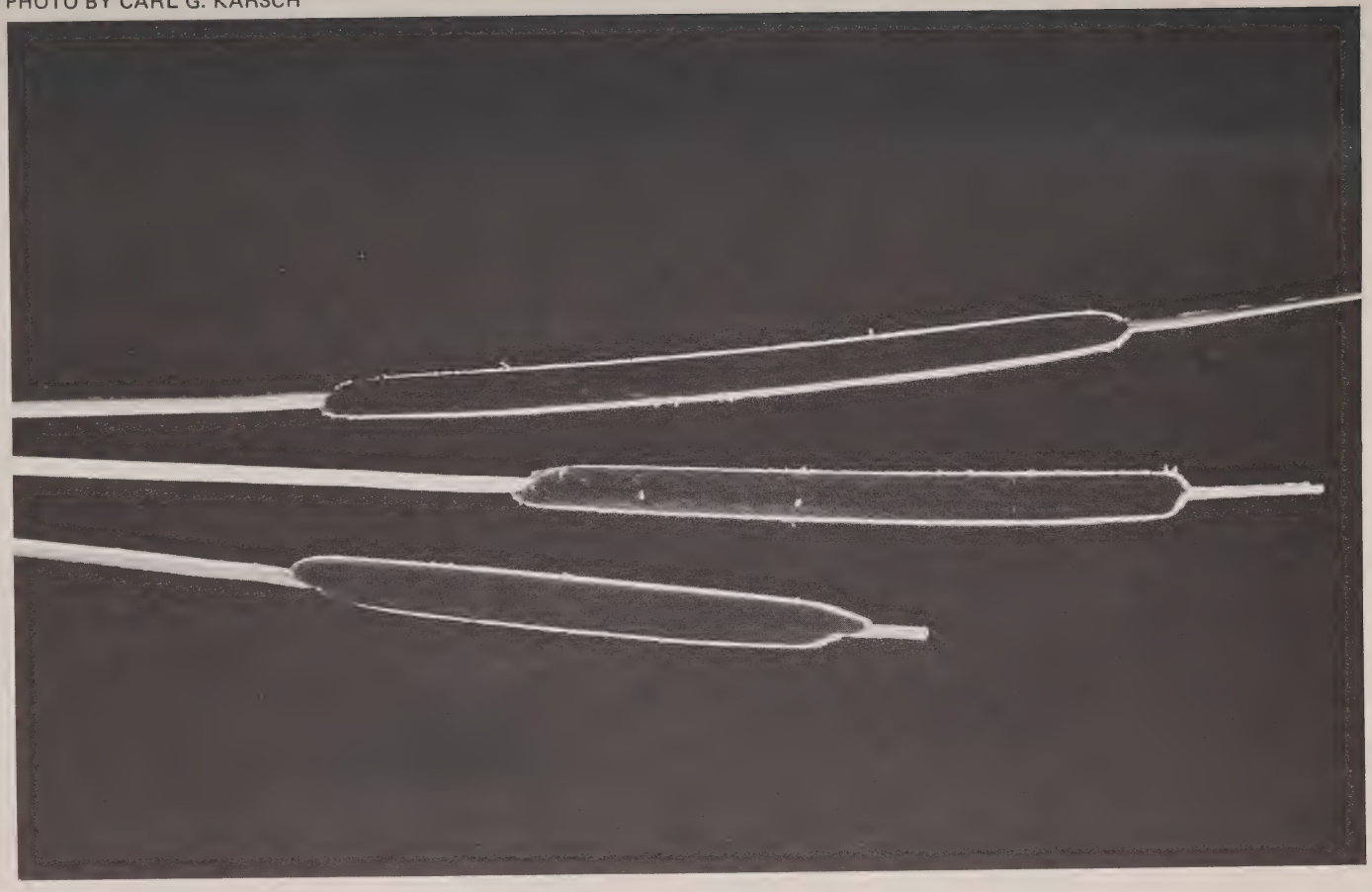
TO BECOME A THOUGHT OF GOD

From the writings of Abraham J. Heschel

PRAYER is like the light from a burning glass in which all the rays that emanate from the soul are gathered to a focus. There are hours when we are resplendent with the glowing awareness of our share in His secret interests on earth. We pray. We are carried forward to Him who is coming close to us. We endeavor to divine His will, not merely His command. Prayer is an answer to God: "Here am I. And this is the record of my days. Look into my heart, into my hopes and my regrets." We depart in shame and joy. Yet prayer never ends, for faith endows us with a bold craving that He draw near us and approach us as a father—not only as a ruler; not only through our walking in His ways, but through His entering into our ways. The purpose of prayer is to be brought to His attention, to be listened to, to be understood by Him; not to know Him, but to *be known* to Him. To pray is to behold life not only as a result of His power, but as a concern of His will, or to strive to make our life a divine concern. For the ultimate aspiration of man is not to be a master, but an object of His knowledge. To live "in the light of His countenance," to become a thought of God—this is the true career of man.

(From BETWEEN MAN AND GOD: AN INTERPRETATION OF JUDAISM, copyright © 1959 by Fritz A. Rothchild. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers)

PHOTO BY CARL G. KARSCH



WHO COULD FORGET MOTHER?

A PERSONAL MEMORY by
Louise Barringer Wittel

TOO OFTEN these days we find mothers overburdened and depressed. Don't they realize the opportunities for growth and joy God gives them when they let Him work side by side with them as a partner every day? I wonder if the story of how my mother achieved a happy home might be helpful.

As a young girl, the only girl among three brothers, I heard Della, our cleaning woman, say one day, "It's just like heaven being in your home with your family. You all get along so well!"

We did get along well, enjoying each other and our parents'

PHOTO BY RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE

devotion to one another and the Lord. Their devotion to the Lord also helped them love us with a Godsight.

Perhaps my clearest recollection of early childhood is how my mother would never show any signs of anger or make disparaging or sarcastic remarks when something adverse happened—and these things happened in our house just as they do in others. In adversity, she seemed to lean more heavily on our Heavenly Father, trying first to make the best of a situation and then, if no constructive solution were found, accepting it. She accepted it not with resignation but with the peace of having the Lord by her side.

I can imagine her thrill as a young mother—when she and my father first brought me home, their first baby. They were so aware of the privilege they had been given to raise one of the Lord's children. They knew the obligation they had to develop a child's character and spiritual perception. Such a tremendous obligation—especially during the earliest, formative years!

As we grew up, we sensed that she grew along with us. We laughed together over the same things—often at ourselves. We cried together, turning together in prayer to God. We felt free to discuss our lives openly with each other.

How stalwart and strong she was during the simultaneous illness of her husband and youngest son. She would spend part of the day with the son hospitalized in New York City and then come home to care for her husband. When the Lord chose to call first the son and then, shortly afterwards, her husband, she accepted these losses in quiet, never questioning the Lord's will but just bearing a serene and radiant testimony for His leading in her life. Her faith in Christ has been much more precious to her than any material possession.

Today, after an illness of many years, she is unable to talk. But her ready smile and triumphant faith are still evident.

With her courage and trust she has set an example for us to follow completely. She and my father lived by faith and saw the Lord wonderfully bless and provide for them. Her Christian approach was evident in everything. She wore the one ornament which in the sight of God is of great price: a meek and quiet spirit. The beauty of the Lord her God has been upon her life and upon all of ours.

●

"When your son matures,
treat him as a brother."
—Iman Ali

Should You Be A Good Samaritan?

By Sergeant Joseph Lovelock
of the Police Department of the City of New York

A recent news story told of a vicious assault on a thirteen-year-old female passenger on the New York subway. Her attacker, a seventeen-year-old youth, attempted a sexual assault on her as the train sped through the tunnel. Some thirty fellow passengers watched in horror, but did nothing to aid the victim. At one point, the girl managed to break free, but her assailant caught her between two cars, lifted her into the air, and tried to throw her to the tracks below. He fled, but was later apprehended and indicted as a result of intensive investigation.

This incident is reminiscent of the now-famous Kitty Genovese case. During the early morning hours of March 13, 1964, in a middle-class neighborhood in Queens, no fewer than thirty-eight witnesses saw her murder or heard her screams. Although it took her thirty-five minutes to die, none of these witnesses called the police. None of them apparently wanted to get involved.

The chances of your becoming a witness to a serious crime like that are multiplying. In our increasingly violent society, life-threatening crime has become an almost-daily occurrence.

If you find yourself in such a grim situation, what will you do?

Will you be a "good Samaritan" and summon the police? Or what?

It makes you wonder about a lot of things. Are you really your brother's keeper? Should you try to be? Or have you read too many news stories about "good Samaritans" who get hurt or killed when they tried to help another person in danger? Do you hesitate because you just don't know what to do? Or have you grown so depersonalized, like our mass society, that you refuse to get involved?

Each person has the answer to these questions in his own conscience.

When you do respond to a call for help, here are some practical suggestions:

1. Notify The Police

On the street, use a public telephone to dial the operator or your local police station. Find a police-call box, if available, and use it. Look for a bus or taxi displaying a two-way radio-relay decal. The driver can call his dispatcher to notify police for you.

On the highway, use the emergency band on your CB radio. Look for a landmark and proceed to the nearest emergency roadside telephone, toll booth, or exit, and call the police.

In a business district, enter the nearest building and request whoever is there to call the police.

In a public gathering-place, such as an auditorium or stadium, notify the nearest security-guard, usher, ticket-seller, or other employee.

On a subway or commuter railroad, notify the conductor or engineer. They have signaling systems to call for help. Find a transit or railway policeman if one is available. Ask the change-booth or station attendant to call for help.

2. Be Observant

Remember details of the criminal's physical appearance, clothing, weapon, accomplices. Jot down the state and license-number, make, and color of his car— even if you are only suspicious.

3. Be Assertive

When a crime is being committed, people are often aware that something is happening without being sure just what. Most people will follow a calm leader if he or she seems capable of controlling the situation.

4. Render First Aid

If a victim is injured, stop the flow of blood if there is one. Administer cardio-pulmonary resuscitation if breathing has stopped. Send someone to call for an ambulance and the police. Avoid moving the victim unless absolutely necessary for safety.

RELIGIOUS NEWS SERVICE PHOTO

5. Seek Assistance

If you are in a place where police or other authorities will be some time in arriving, request other passersby—members of the armed forces, fellow passengers, etc.—to help. In many cases, all that is necessary is a simple request.

6. Provide Information

Assist the police with information about the crime, including your own name and address as a witness. The police will hold all information confidential.

Warning

If you observe what appears to be a serious crime in progress, don't be fooled by the assailant's assurance that "She's my wife. Everything's all right." This is a common ploy used by street criminals to confuse you and delay reports of crime to the police. Call the police and let them investigate.

Unfortuantely, crime is a fact of modern life. Heightened awareness and constant vigilance will reduce the opportunities that criminals are always seeking. Notification of the police and cooperation with them will bring a quick response. Going to the assistance of a victim is the least a person of conscience can do.

PRAYER FOR THIS DAY

BY EMILY SARGENT COUNCILMAN

WITH new day dawning past the dark,
I bring a song and prayer—
a song of joy, contentment, peace,
of freedom from past fear, release—
how can I even start
to sing of all the gladness there?

And of the prayer—words cannot say
my soul's desire to pray.
But God, I hope that you can see
how I want all my life to be
living truth and loveliness—
my gift to you, this newfound day.

PHOTO BY CLIFF MOORE

WHO CARES FOR DERELICTS?

BY MARY LATHROP POPE

THE so-called "bag ladies"—seven thousand of whom are to be found in New York City—are often so unbalanced that they can hardly communicate, hardly speak, hardly make themselves understood. Some are mothers without husbands or with husbands who have beaten them and thrown them and their children out onto the street. Some have come from prison. Some are women unable because of their unbalanced condition to live in a house all year round. Many of them are collectors who go wandering through the city piling up junk on baby carriages or huge carts or in bags from which they would rather die than be separated.

We have a woman like that at Maryhouse, the Catholic Worker hospitality house for women on East Third Street in Manhattan. She comes to the house to spend the winter. She sleeps on a bench in the front hall with her junk and rags piled high around her on all sides. When spring arrives, she piles her belongings into five or six enormous black garbage bags, gets herself a large-size taxicab with a willing driver, and heads for Union Square, where—on the street and in the bushes—she lives during the spring, summer, and fall.

We sometimes stop in the mornings to take breakfast to her. She won't enter a coffee shop for fear of losing track of her cartful of rags. She is incoherent when she speaks. My husband and I were talking with her one morning, and after we had given her breakfast and were saying goodbye, she fixed me with her eyes, tilted her head back a little, and said, "Aren't you Dorothy Day's mother?"

Well, I am in my forties, and Dorothy (one of the founders of the Catholic Worker) is eighty-one, so my husband said, "Yes!"

The bag ladies, with nowhere to stay and nowhere to go, with no money and no hope, can be helped (some of them) by Worker volunteers to take some soup or spend a night, even to find an apartment, and often just to feel a little bit better about themselves as a result of being accepted and not criticized for having gotten themselves into the state they are in. Some of them respond to this kindness by helping around the house, by sweeping or answering the telephone or opening the front door for others as they come and go.

CATHOLIC WORKER ARCHIVES

Over on East First Street there is a hospitality house—St. Joseph's —for men. It is a four-story building that houses about twenty people, including some Worker volunteers. (Since all donations made to the Worker houses go for food and utilities, volunteers support themselves with part-time jobs, those who cannot get lodging in the house rent nearby apartments.)

The main meal at St. Joseph's is breakfast, at which fruit, bread, soup, and coffee are served every day to about two hundred guests. (Lunch and dinner are served to volunteers and guests invited to make the house their home.)

The guests are unemployable people, either alcoholic or mentally broken-down or retarded or otherwise unable to make their own way in the world. There are ex-prisoners and dropouts of all kinds—some on drugs, some just off. Occasionally, there is an outburst of vio-

lence. Workers have been beaten up, kicked in the stomach, attacked by knives. The one rule of the house is that anyone physically violent toward someone else must leave. Sometimes getting a violent guest to leave requires both fortitude and ingenuity.

Those who come to the house are received without red-tape. If the man asking to be admitted does not appear to be disturbed, he might not even be asked his name. The only question might be "Are you hungry?," "Do you need a place to stay?," or "Do you need clothes?" No attempt is made to establish the "worthiness" or "unworthiness" of applicants.

Some men-guests at St. Joseph's respond to such hospitality as some of the women-guests at Maryhouse do. But there is no pressure on them to respond. They are not asked even to make their beds. If a volunteer does ask for this sort of cooperation, the response is not always polite and sometimes might be violent. However, the absence of pressure and the peacefulness of the atmosphere in these houses seem to have a healing-effect and guests often grow happier as time passes.

One volunteer tells us that some of them who come to the houses are not capable of cooperation. When the soup is being served, they often just wander away, leaving the soup half-eaten, their bread with margarine an inch thick on it lying face down on the table, their tea spilled or containing the butt of a cigaret. Others are capable of bringing their bowls back to be washed. It is a real achievement for them. They smile at me so kindly and say thank-you.

Perhaps the happiest moments at the house have come at this time, when I am washing soupbowls they have brought back. I have felt, I cannot say why, a true spiritual joy. Such joy can surprise us at any moment around the Worker, because it is completely open to the moment, including the spirit of God, which after all, "blows where it wills, and you cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goes."

May the blessed sunlight shine on you,
And warm your heart till it glows like a great peat fire
So that the stranger may come and warm himself at it,
And also a friend.

from the Ancient Chronicles
of Saint Patrick's Guild

LETTERS RECEIVED

"Thanks so very much for your understanding, prayer and magazines. They're so helpful. I sent a batch to a close friend. She said: 'They came just when I needed them most.' Those I leave at church disappear."

—B.S.

"Fellowship in Prayer is producing a magnificently beautiful magazine, and deserves credit for substance and content as well as beauty . . . Your most recent issue (April '79) is devoted to the subject of 'Simplicity.' I suggest that a future issue be devoted to the subject of 'Silence.'"

—D.M.

"I liked 'A Conversation With Dr. Hung.' The baby's birth appealed to me too. God has His own way, and TIME, to tell us things. That's exciting to think about too, you know. Surprises ahead, and nice ones!"

—A.T.

"Dear Friend: My late teacher Rabbi Wise defined prayer as follows: The underlying assumption of prayer is not that things might be had for the asking, but that there are certain levels in life that cannot be reached save through super human communication. Shalom."

—Rabbi J.L.

"Praise the Lord! Send me your prayer. A friend of mine showed me the prayer and the blessing I received from it was great, so I would like to share it with others. Thank you."

—E.T.

"Would appreciate your prayers in my behalf. I shall pray for you too."

—T.H.

"I rejoiced in the Kathryn Brown history flow. Let's have more. Those who do not reverence the past are unworthy of the future."

—F.S.

NEW TRUSTEES. Fellowship in Prayer is proud to announce the election to the Board of two new trustees:

HENRY E. BESSIRE, of Princeton, New Jersey, graduated from Princeton University in 1957. At present he is Vice President for Development for the University. His work entails the challenging task of securing funds not only for current financial obligations, but also for the development of the University's future. An Episcopalian layman, Mr. Bessire served as Senior Warden of Trinity Church, in Princeton, during a difficult period involving a controversial building-program and a search for a new rector and associate priest. His commitment is reflected not just in his activity in his home community but also in his interior life. He is ecumenical and believes in what Fellowship in Prayer represents.

DORIS DONNELLY, also of Princeton, holds a Ph.D. from Claremont Graduate School and is presently teaching at Princeton Theological Seminary. A Roman Catholic, she specializes in spiritual theology. Her courses cover four areas: contemporary roles of spirituality; a survey of spirituality; women and church history; and sacramental theology. Mrs. Donnelly is a sensitive writer with a flair for taking the abstruse and making it both comprehensible and relevant. At the moment she is completing a book as well as a major article for one of the leading women's magazines. She is interested in assessing the various roles of women in today's world. She has an additional rare gift as a retreat-leader. She is enthusiastic about Fellowship in Prayer and what it is attempting to do.

ADVISOR. Dr. Masao Abe, who recently became an Advisor to Fellowship in Prayer, grew up in the city of Kyoto, Japan, eventually earning a doctorate in religious studies, concentrating on Zen. As a practitioner of the Zen way, he lectures extensively in the U.S. and other countries. Recently Dr. Abe completed a two-year stint at Princeton University, in New Jersey, where he conducted seminars in Zen. He will be associated permanently with Claremont College in California.

PAINTER. Carin Laughlin is a recognized artist who works in a most appealing new approach. She has generously created paintings for us to epitomize the spirit of the Fellowship. They feature the symbols of each of the major faiths. Though the concepts differ, each of the paintings has its own vibrancy of color. No words or photographs can do them justice. Please stop by the office and see them.

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to this publication continue to be welcome. Contributors should read the publication in order to be sure of submitting manuscripts appropriate to our needs.

WE WELCOME DONATIONS (they are tax-deductible) of any amount. Our purpose is to have as many people as possible participate in Fellowship In Prayer. You, as donor, will receive a card certifying you as a Partner in Prayer in the Fellowship. In addition, you will be sent the equivalent of a subscription to this bi-monthly publication.

Fellowship in Prayer
Room 230, 20 Nassau Street
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YOUR MEDITATION

With our meditations, there can be an advantage in spending more time with a few verses from scripture, or passages from related material rather than always going on to something new. When you come across a statement that has deep meaning for you, why not reflect on it daily for a week or even longer until its meaning permeates you and you can refer to it in times of trouble or decision?

For example, recently Matthew 5:9 has special meaning for me. I have memorized the words and think about them often.

For the next two months, select two or three items related to you in particular. Each day concentrate only on one of them until you feel you have gained about as much from it as you possibly can at this time. Later you may find yourself returning to it with new insights.

If you wish to share some of your thoughts with other members of the Fellowship, write to us about them.

FELLOWSHIP PRAYER FOR JULY:

For our prayers this month as a Fellowship, let's continue to ask God to bless the peace plans between Israel and Egypt.

—Peter

If

YOU
WOULD
LIKE US
TO PRAY
FOR YOU OR
FOR OTHERS TOO,
LET US KNOW.

EACH DAY
AT 3:30 A.M. (U.S. Eastern Time)
WE HOLD
INTERCESSORY PRAYER

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
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Suggested BOOKS

Prayer

Michel Quoist: PRAYERS (Sheed & Ward). Realistic, beautiful meditations rooted in our own times.

Thomas Merton: CONTEMPLATION. Image. Spare. Brilliant. Incisive.

Myanaponika Thero: THE HEART OF BUDDHIST MEDITATIONS. (Samuel Weiser). Excellent insights.

Gopi Krishna: The AWAKENING OF KUNDALINI (E.P. Dutton). Interesting Hindu approach to enlightenment.

Mysticism

Evelyn Underhill: MYSTICISM (Meridian). The definitive book on the subject.

Guidance

Paul Tournier: A PLACE FOR YOU. THE MEANING OF PERSONS (Harper & Row). This world-famous psychiatrist is always lucid and helpful.

Alan W. Jones: JOURNEY INTO CHRIST (Grove Press). Exciting spiritual guidance.

Theology, History, Biography

Walpola Rahula: WHAT THE BUDDHA TAUGHT (Grove Press). One of the best books to understand the subject.

Wing-Tsit Chan: THE WAY OF LAO TZU (Bobbs-Merrill). Good background well presented.

A Prayer That Brings Peace

ONE DAY at the Women's House of Detention, I had a frightening experience. A small group of women who had not been in the habit of attending showed up at my Bible Class. These women had unusually sullen expressions on their faces. They started to disrupt the discussion with remarks meant to cause trouble. For an instant I was afraid. Then I found myself reading the prayer of St. Francis in a very loud voice:

> *"Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace.*
> *Where there is hatred, let me sow love . . ."*

The prayer quieted the women. It was if Saint Francis were standing there instead of me. The anger subsided, and we went on to finish our class.

—From an interview with Betty Barjou
a volunteer worker